The St. Hoseph's Unleganties.

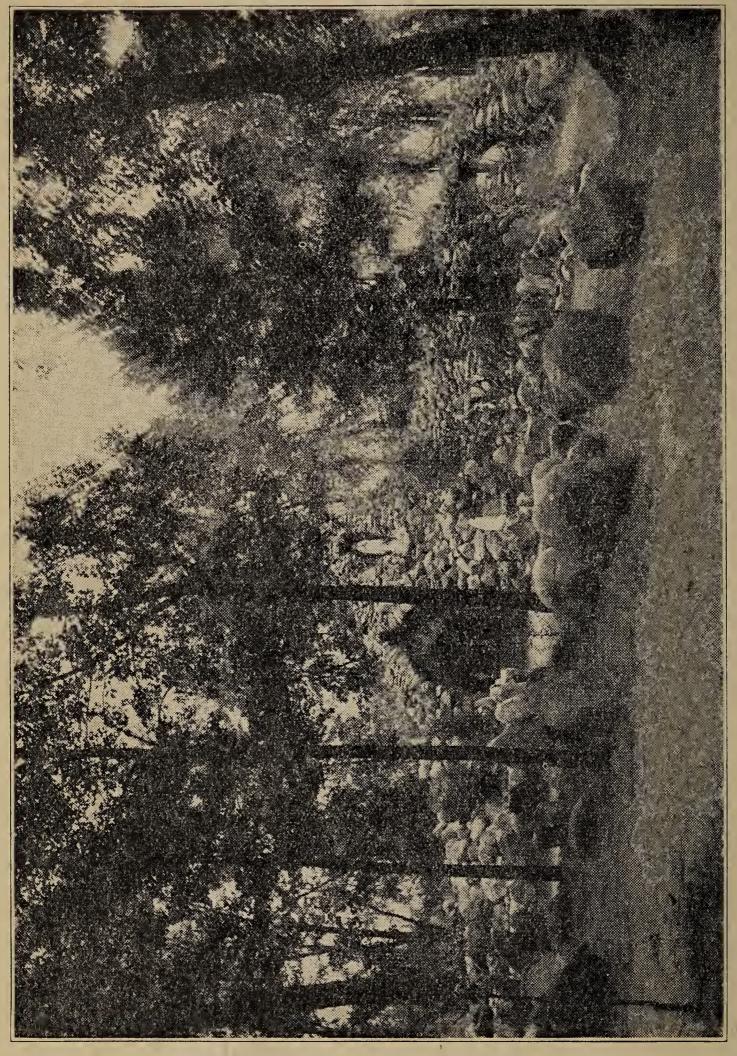
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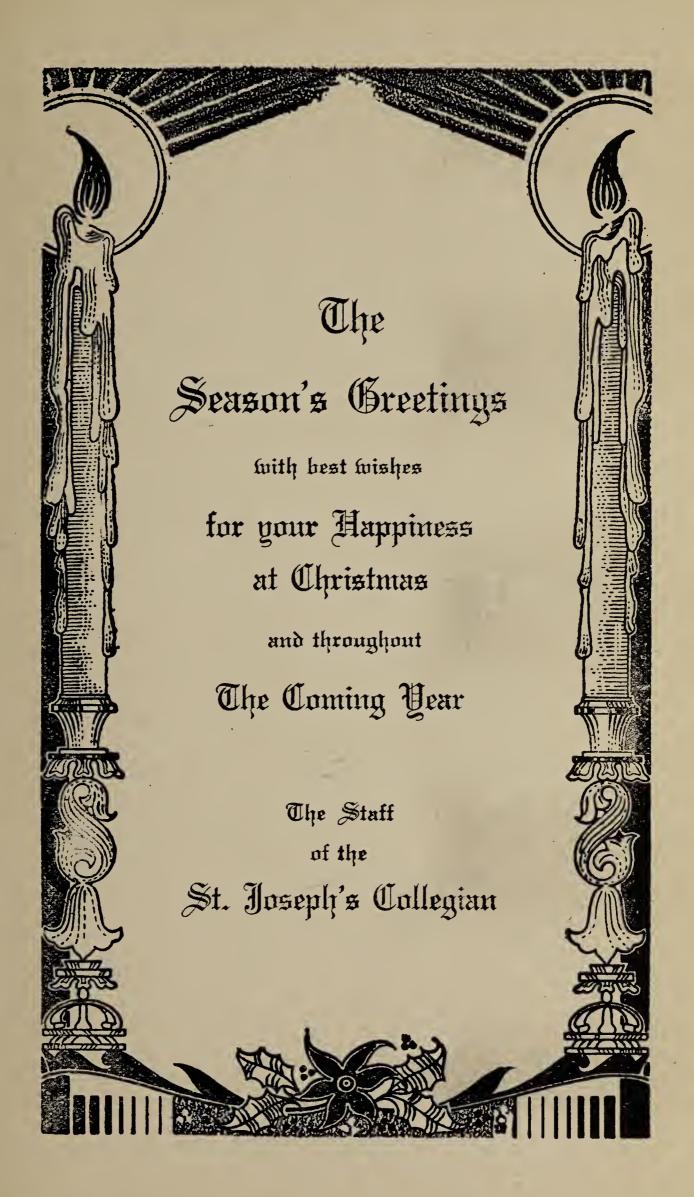
Plecember, 1931





Our Lady of Lourdes Grotto







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Nativity of Christ

A Babe, the heir of David's royal throne,
Was born, while angels sang in joyful throng
Of that sweet peace which man so inly craves.
The shepherds out upon the starlit mead
Took note of what that song for man implied,
And crossed the hills in search of that fair Child
Who was declared the Saviour promised long.

As for those shepherds beamed that holy light And by its rays dispelled the nightly gloom, So, too, for you and me, and for this world, Fair Christmas, with its light and tuneful song, Revives in mem'ry that great word of God, "This day, my Son, I have begotten Thee."

Joseph N. Wittkofski '32

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. ADAIR!

Mr. Adair furiously elbowed his way through the crowd of Christmas shoppers. Frightfully preoccupied, he made fierce grimaces, muttered under his breath, clenched and unclenched his fists. "Oh no hat and no light headed woman who knew nothing of teaching school could make a fool of him." He would have his revenge; upon the hat now, upon the woman later. Oh! he couldn't wait until he got hold of that hat. How he would crush it, stomp on it, tear it, burn it! It was outrageous, an insult to every cultured taste, a mockery of true Christmas sentiment. What idiotic shop-keeper had the brass to display that ridiculous red and white stove-pipe hat! Was the man a fool, or was he accustomed to cater to such freakish morons as might be fascinated by such a monstrosity?

Aversion for the hat almost overwhelmed Mr. Adair when he first caught sight of it this morning. Like a haunting night-mare the thing tormented him. On the head of every person with whom he came in contact he pictured that hat. He had fleeting glimpses of himself arrayed in it; and in his misery a woman must drive him to indiscretion, and that hat completed his humiliation. Fiercely his lip curled in that scornful smile that marks a man about to taste revenge; he strode for the entrance of the shop in which the hat had been displayed. Suddenly he stiffened, his eyes bulged, he gasped. The hat was gone!

Mr. Ethereld Adair, besides being principal of Croton Public School, entertained fixed and defined principles of life. Conservative, almost reactionary, he was a staunch Puritan to whom feminism, vulgarity, tolerance, were at once synonomous and anathema.

He was the apotheosis of refinement, poise, dignity. Today, however, the mad coincidents of fate had conspired to ruffle the even temper of this sedate scion of the Cromwells. First, passing a variety shop on his morning walk to school, he saw in its window that red and white stove-pipe hat. The thing had obsessed, him, roused him nearly to fury by the time he reached school. Fretting about his office, he was notified that Miss Farren, a fourth-grade teacher, would be unable to assume her duties for the day.

Miss Farren had ever met with his loftiest disapproval. Too feminine, too human, too well liked, she stood in his category of "common." Against her system of seeking the love of her pupils to win their cooperation, he opposed his doctrine of inspiring awe, fear, respect. Against her cheerful sincerity he ranged his ponderous dignity; and though in his estimation the balance should incline under his weighty virtues, it seemed always to tip in favor of Miss Farren. He had long felt that the fourthgraders should be made to taste some real discipline; something more severe than the broad tolerance of Miss Farren, and he himself wanted to impose it. Hence it was that, though seemingly annoyed, he was rather pleased with Miss Farren's failure to appear, and he himself decided to substitute for her. There were two days left before Christmas vacation, and in those two days, fourth-graders were to learn the rudiments of obedience, culture, and respect.

The first few hours of Mr. Adair's morning classes passed successfully. He had instilled an element of fear, so much so that he, noting it, had sweet visions of fourth-graders nodding approval to the whispered comment that Mr. Adair was surely an important man—so dignified! However, as the day progressed, the strain began to wear upon the

class; it became restless, inattentive, noisy. In the afternoon several boys even stood in open defiance to his injunctions. He couldn't understand it. too, he had hurried through the work of the day and now found himself unable to provide fitting occupation for the entire class. The class, realizing its day's assignments were completed, clamored for a story—an unlooked for development for Mr. Adair. He, the pompous principal, conduct a children's hour! In vain did he assure his pupils that there were more serious matters demanding their attention; they insisted upon a story. "Why Miss Farren would tell us one at a time like this, right before Christmas and everything," avowed one little boy. That turned the trick; his dislike of Miss Farren espoused the cause of the story.

"If that woman can tell a story, I can," he assured himself, and cast for a point to work on. There were but two things upon which he could bring his mind to dwell: the idiocy of teachers who sought to amuse their pupils, and the outrageousness of red and white stove-pipe hats. From these two ideas Mr. Adair proceeded to draw his story.

"A man whom we may well call Wilfrid was wont to wend his way down Montrose Avenue during his lunch hour. On one such stroll, just a few short weeks before the joyous feast of Christmas, he discovered in the nefarious shop of some novelty dealer a red and white stove-pipe hat. He was at once repulsed and fascinated by this hat; repulsed because of the thing's hideousness, fascinated because, as a deep student of human nature, he was interested in the cultural assets and liabilities of the type of mind to which such a hat might appeal.

"Wilfrid resolved that he would daily watch for the disappearance of that hat, and that when it

should come into the hands of a buyer, he would search out the man, observe him, his habits and idiosyncracies. In fact Wilfrid passed the store several times a day. He grew so well acquainted with that display window that he noticed at once if anything was taken from or added to the stock; aye! he even noticed the change should one or two objects be rearranged. He watched, as one by one, various articles left the window never to be replaced. Everything, or nearly everything disappeared but the hat. 'Was it ever to be sold?' Wilfrid wondered. To think that no one would be interested in it rather reassured Wilfrid of the respectability of the American character. Though it would delight him very much to do a bit of amateur sleuthing in pursuing the buyer of that hat, his satisfaction in realizing that American culture made red and white stove-pipe hats distasteful was much greater.

"But, only a few days before Christmas the hat disappeared. Wilfrid, noting it, felt for a moment crestfallen. His faith in the artistic consciousness of America was shattered. Alas, had H. L. Mencken and G. B. Shaw by their scathing sarcasm not yet aroused the lethargic masses to higher ideals? In this wonderful age of enlightenment, education, industry, art, were there still men whose tastes were as uncouth as those of the savage red skins who bartered life for a bit of gaudy cloth? Ah! he must know the man who betrayed the heritage of American institutions.

"He burst into the shop, determined to ask outrightly of its keeper who had bought the hat. What though it was an unwritten law that store keepers should not divulge the names of customers? The man who ran this crazy shop probably knew noth-

ing of ethics! Nevertheless, Wilfrid saw fit to approach the man indirectly. He purchased a package of cigarettes and, while paying for them, casually mentioned the red and white hat. Ah, the trap clicked, the man was caught.

"'Oh, that hat, it was rather a sight wasn't it? Some little boys purchased it this morning. It seems their school teacher is a rather odd character, a real sport the boys call him, and not a teacher at all. He must always be humoring his charges, and at Christmas he has always allowed each of them to throw one snow ball at his hat. Ha-ha, last Christmas it seems one of the urchins hit him on the nose and, ah! well he told his boys this year that they must forego the pleasure of making him run the gauntlet unless they provided him with a larger hat. In their distress the boys turned to me—oh, Goodday, sir!"

"The shop keeper was broken off by Wilfrid testily leaving the shop. Wilfrid was disgusted. It was outrageous, teachers allowing boys to pelt them with snow balls, and groveling shopkeepers assisting the boys in their scandalous enterprise. 'Oh, when will men be men,' muttered Wilfrid.

"And that, children, is the conclusion of my story. You see, every good story has a lesson, a moral to impart. In this particular tale I wished to exemplify—what, tittering children? I am shocked, not to say outraged at this lack of respect. Does Miss Farren do no better—"

Mr. Adair was broken off by the bell. Rather relieved at the interruption, he refrained from expanding the moral of his tale and dismissed the class at once. When he could commune freely with himself again he passionately reviewed the occurences of the day. Proud man that he was, he hungrily

sought assurance with himself that he had master-fully carried the day. The story he had attempted especially recurred to him again and again. He dwelt upon the titter that accompanied its conclusion. He remembered faces that registered disinterest, not to say scorn. Again and again the idea was born upon him that he had failed miserably in that story; he had not, as he had determined, exposed the weakness of Miss Farren. And now, to heighten his misery, her tolerant smile beset him. In a rage, and with a very undignified ejaculation, he rushed from his office; the immediate object of his fury, the despicable hat.

The hat gone, his vengeance thwarted, Mr. Adair stood chagrined before the shop window. His first impulse was to enter and learn the fate of the hat; on second thought, he decided to run no further risks of making a fool of himself. After all, perhaps he only misunderstood children. To handle them properly was a woman's job anyway. His manliness asserted itself, his egoism returned, his cynicism salved his wounded pride.

Next morning, the last day before Christmas vacation, his mien and dignity restored by a whole-some night's sleep—such as he felt few besides himself ever enjoyed—he was eager to surrender to Miss Farren complete charge of the fourth-grade. True to his fondest hopes, she appeared. Though illness had prevented her from teaching the day before, she explained that she could easily manage today. The regular classes were pursued only in the morning, in the afternoon the usual Christmas party would be held; wouldn't he like to attend, she asked, since he had taken charge of the class for a day? Mr. Adair could not hastily bring any reason to the front for not attending, so he accepted the invitation.

And attend he did. The little program quite delighted him; he was much amused at the innocence of some of the children, and the worldly-wise deportment of others as they blushingly participated in the program. His heart opened to receive the little ones, he began to sympathize with them. Warmer and warmer grew his heart. He wanted desperately to talk to them, but when, at the conclusion of the program, Miss Farren asked him to favor the occasion, he could not trust himself to speak. The emotion was all too novel for him to express with his usual pomp. Miss Farren then presented him, in the name of the class, with a very large package, a Christmas present. "The dears," he murmured to himself as he hastily tore away the wrapper.

His face went white, then colored with the mounting blood. His lips grew taut. Aloud he muttered, "The little devils," and stalked from the room; in his hand he clenched the red and white stove-pipe hat.

Robert Nieset '32.



IN THE HAND OF THE COOK

On my mind no other occurrence of my boyhood days has registered itself more distinctly than did the length of the hours that belonged to every afternoon preceding the eve of Christmas. If only day would turn into night! Such was the thought foremost in my mind, because then Santa Clause could hitch up his sleigh unseen and could set out on his jolly round to distribute gifts. Whether there would be snow enough for him to go sleighing with ease never bothered my mind. What I thought of was gifts; real toys, such as smell of fresh paint and varnish, for it was this odor about them that made them different from all other gifts, and made them so unusually attractive. At other seasons of the year paint and varnish would not have taken my eyes and nose in tow, but at Christmas, the paint and varnish that Santa Claus used made all the difference.

There was one redeeming feature about those afternoons as they came around year by year with their interminable length that made me keep from outrightly disliking them. Though my head was so full of toys that if I could have removed them they would have filled all the show windows in a town of good size, yet I had an employment that brought me into the company of my mother. I always liked my mother, and at times I almost grew jealous of the attention she had to bestow on my baby sister, who was still in the cradle. Christmas, however, demanded special kinds of pastry. Cook Books had to be read, so it seemed, and I had to read them to my mother to help her discover new kinds of cookies and pies. The happenings of one pre-Christmas afternoon still linger in my memory, perhaps because

I had grown older and thus could take more particular note of things.

After dinner on that day, I helped my mother do the dishes. I tried doubly hard to avoid dropping a dish, but my mind was too far away on other things to permit me to play safe in this matter. Knowing my eagerness and excitement, my mother merely smiled at the accident that sent one of her glass dishes to the rubbish heap. When the dishes were out of the way and the kitchen cleaned, I took up the first of a series of Cook Books and read rapidly and loud all the passages that were pencil marked. Somehow my mother appeared to be little interested in what I read, for she reclined comfortably in her chair and seemed to doze. I cannot get it out of my head to this day that I was required to do all that reading for no other purpose than to keep me from running riot with excitement. Such passages as, "Pies should be eaten on the same day on which they are baked," I read with emphatic loudness, but that did not disturb my mother in the least. It was the only direction that I understood. To make it count was the reason for being emphatic on my part. This direction ended all that there was to be said about baking pies.

Baking cookies was a business more complicated. The directions were long and hard to understand. No wonder cookies taste so well, since it is so hard to bake them. Here there were big words that I could not pronounce, and others over which I stumbled to my repeated chagrin, for I really wanted my mother to get the meaning of them. To me only a few of the many directions were plain. These were such as, "Take a clean dish"—well of all things; would anybody take a dirty dish?—"take the measuring spoon in one hand and the cup in the other."

Of course everybody would take these things in his hands and not in his mouth. But then came all the mystery of mixing and stirring and rolling and cutting with words thrown in between that got me completely jumbled up in my reading, and finally made me think of a little verse that I had learned in school. It referred to the centipede when she got all jumbled up:

"The Centipede was jolly,
Until a Toad in fun
Said; 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
Which wrought her mid to such a pitch;
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run."

I spoke these lines quite as loud as I read. They went right in with the directions for making cookies, but since my mother was dozing they did not spoil the recipe in the least.

Among the other things that worried me while reading from the Cook Books was the repeated warning that the oven had to be heated to a certain temperature which in my estimation was very high. I lived in the country where the firing had to be done by wood, at least that was the custom. more recipes I read out of a Cook Book, the more I found concerning the heating of the oven. Carrying the wood for the oven fell to me as a daily job. Though I did not have to carry it very far, yet it was work nevertheless, and just the kind of work I did not care to do while my head was filled with ideas of all kinds of toys that fairly make a boy's heart leap with joy. In spite of this fact, however, my appetite for cookies disputed the first place in my mind with my love for toys so that I decided to carry all the wood that mother would need for baking.

Quite suddenly I was surprised to see my mother gazing at me. She smiled; her face really brightened when I hit upon a recipe that suggested making dainty dishes from left-overs in the house. Such dishes meant no expense, and that is, I-suppose, what made her smile. Such directions as "good milk required" and use "butter liberally"; "strew with bread crumbs" always, so it seemed, pleased her. She even interrupted me while I was reading these directions and talked to me as if she were anxious to explain the reasons for the evident interest she showed. A knock at the door disturbed us and put an end to the Cook Book lessons. At the door stood a man who came to sell us a large dressed turkey. Upon receiving his pay, he departed. Hurriedly I placed all the puzzling Cook Books on the shelf where they belonged and took to fetching in wood both for warmth and for cooking, for that was my usual evening chore.

Before I was through with bringing in the wood, my father returned from the fields. He was whistling very gayly. He always did this when feeling particularly merry and satisfied. By the time he had finished his work of feeding the stock, I had enough wood brought into the house, and my mother had supper ready. We ate rather hurriedly, but not without laughing and talking by way of getting ready for a Merry Christmas. It seemed to me that at this hour on Christmas eve, my father and mother were as expectant of Santa Claus' visit as I was myself. To finish our supper and set the house in order for the evening took much less time than usual. Already it had grown quite dark outside, and just as if it were to add joy to my expectations, snow began to fall heavily. To my mind Christmas without snow would not be real. Not

that I thought it positively necessary to have snow in order to make it easier for Santa Claus to come; for I was now ten years old and had heard a lot about the cheery, good old fellow, in fact, so much that I could no longer be frightened at the sight of him.

Almost earlier than we had expected him, the usual Christmas visitor announced his coming by sound of bell and horn. The sight of him was astonishing. His eyes twinkled, his nose was cherry red, and his voice fairly thundered. After handing several boxes to my parents, he came towards me with menacing look. He could not scare me, though I did go through all the antics he demanded of me. Dropping a large bag before me, ringing his bell, and tooting his horn, he was off to the road. Whether my parents were surprised or not, I had no time to notice, for I was so happy with the toys, that were just the kind I had hoped to get, that I made noise enough to awaken my baby sister, who could not appreciate anything that had happened. While I tried to amuse her by showing her the toys I had received, I heard the rattle of pots and pans in the kitchen. I now felt that my readings from the Cook Books were being put to practical use. odor of newly baked cookies and pies nearly overcame the smell of the fresh paint and varnish on my toys. But I did not go to the kitchen; my love for toys beat my appetite for cookies in the game.

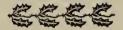
Altogether too soon, the clock struck eleven. This was high time to get to bed, so my father insisted. Reluctantly I left my toys, but to make it easier for me to go to bed, he and my mother hurried to rest for the night also. At daybreak, my mother rose to attend early services at church. She was very quiet in her movements evidently try-

ing to avoid waking me. But how could I sleep long on a morning like that with all my toys awaiting my coming to play with them? Very soon I heard my father stirring about in the kitchen. I took this as an excuse to crawl out of bed. After coming down stairs, I found my father ready to shove the big turkey into the oven. He was so busy that he did not notice me at all. I did not want him to notice me; all I wanted was to see my toys. There they were just as I had left them on the night before. Soon my mother returned from church and told my father and me how interesting the services had been and how nicely the church was decorated. Quickly my father and I got ready, and off we were on the road to church.

During church services, I was so much taken up with the beauty of all that I saw, that I did not even think of my toys. But when services were over, my father could not walk homeward quick enough for me. I ran ahead of him and came to the house much before he did. Now there would be nothing to keep me away from my toys. I entered the house, however, I was so overcome by the pleasant odor of roast turkey and other dainties that my mother had prepared for dinner that my hunger made me forget everything except the desire to eat. My father, who came home shortly after I did, seemed to have his appetite sharpened to the same degree as was mine. That Christmas dinner was the climax of joy on that happy day. We regretted only the fact that our little baby girl could not "fall too" with us at the table. Things tasted so well, turkey, cookies, and all, that I bothered my mother to know from her if my reading to her from the Cook Books had helped her to prepare this tasty meal. But when I placed the question, my father explained:

"Your reading the Cook Books to mother, sonny, merely gave her a chance to think. But the reason that things taste so well is to be found only in one place and that is 'In the hand of the cook.'"

Joseph Otte '32



Lullaby at the Crib

Now sleep, Thou mighty Lord; Innocent and meek; Thine eyes that love bespeak Grow gently dim.

Now sleep, Thou Son of God, Peaceful and serene, While stars in twilight gleam With twinkling light.

Now sleep, Thou King of Kings!
Fair as blushing rose
O'er Thee a halo glows,
Like sun at noon.

Now sleep, Jehova Great! Blest with loving care At hands of saintly pair, And angels near.

Fred Cardinali '32.

THE PALACE OF THE DAYS

On the eve of Christmas, little Philip went to bed early as he had grown tired of waiting. While he lay in his trundle-bed, he thought how the mornings arise in the east, and then move with the sun over lands and seas, with the nights galloping after, but never able to catch them. Half asleep he mumbled to himself, "I guess that Christmas has come already to some little children who live nearer to the rising mornings than I do, and I hope that he will hurry as fast as he can to come where I live; if only he will not get too tired and stop on his way before he comes to me, then everything will be so pleasant, oh, so very pleasant!" Meanwhile sleep settled upon Philip. He fought it as best he could, but his bright young eyes finally shut so quickly that one might hear them snap.

Presently the door opened softly, and into the room came a queer little fellow who had real wings. Did any person ever see a dream? Nobody ever did; at least there is no definite mention made of such an occurrence anywhere. Dreams are funny chaps; they never come near a person until he is sound asleep, and it is only by the aid of that mysterious sight-of-sleep that he is able to see them. About really useful dreams, the most curious thing is that they visit anybody and, in fact, everybody; they carry people everywhere and show them all sorts of pictures; they tell them all sorts of stories, and when they are gone, people wake up and rub their eyes, only to find themselves just where they were when they fell asleep. They won't even believe that they have been anywhere or have seen anything. But there must be something genuine about dreams; at least little Philip thought there was.

The queer little fellow, who came into the room acted so naturally that there could be no doubt in anybody's mind that he was something perfectly real. He put one of his hands over Philip's eyes to keep them shut while he whispered to him, "Come let us go to the great house where the days live." Immediately he lifted Philip out of bed, and together they floated out through the open window. Onward they drifted with great speed over the hills; over the rivers; over the great seas; higher and higher, until they came into the clouds, and here, right in the middle of cloudland, they came to a grand building which, the little fellow told Philip, was the Palace of the Days.

There was a splendid hall. It was so large that a person could hardly see from one end to the other. In that hall, to Philip's surprise, there were three hundred and sixty-five beds and tables with chairs to match—one set for every Day in the year. Philip's little winged companion explained, saying, "Here is where the Days live. When they are not at work in the service of the world, one by one, they return here once during the run of a year, and they are generally so tired from walking around the world that each of them goes straight to bed as soon as he gets back and sleeps until his turn for travelling out into the world comes again."

Sure enough, there most of the Days were in bed with their names attached to the bedposts. Here was the First-of-April with a periwinkle for a night cap. Oh, his headdress was a real fools cap! The sight of it made Philip laugh out loud. There was the Fourth-of-July with a Star-Spangled Banner for his bed quilt. The colored stripes of the banner looked as if they were made of finest silk, and they were edged with a golden fringe. Further on lay

the Twenty-Third-of-December near his fat little brother, the Twenty-First, who is the shortest Day of the year. Both were already snoring soundly. The next bed was empty. It belonged to the Twenty-Fourth-of-December, who was out on his travels. Now a cheerful looking little sprit came walking towards Philip and his winged companion and said to them: "I am the Twenty-Ninth-of-February. I go on the march only once in four years, and then I leap all along the way. Long ago I found out that old maids love to see me come down the road of time; for they say that my way of leaping gives them a right to ask some man to be their life's partner. But I don't remember that I ever issued any such right. If any change is to be made in the rights of Custom, who is the mother of Days, then it is the office of Father Time to decree such changes. But take note how fresh and gleeful I look; I have had a good long sleep and shall have nothing to do until 1932. If you want to ask any questions, I'm your man."

Suddenly a messenger with torch in hand ran swiftly through the hall. Stopping at one of the beds, he touched the sleeping Day in order to awaken him, and the Day did awaken as if with a start. "That is the Morning Star," explained the Twenty-Ninth-of-February. "It is his business to wake the Days. He has come for the Twenty-Fifth-of-December now, the Day whom we all call by the name, Christmas."

Philip noticed that Christmas did not look so young and spry as did many other Days. Plainly, he had to work very hard on his round of travels. But he was a pleasant looking fellow who wore a large white beard which he straightened out and brushed with his hands. Merrily he took his breakfast; then laughed loudly while he pushed the legs of his pants

into his boots, put on his heavy jerkin, and flinging back a final joke, he bounded out of doors on the road of joy and cheer. Scarcely bidding the Twenty-Ninth-of-February a farewell, Philip ran after Christmas, his cute little winged companion followed. stopped just for a moment to cast a glance at the Solemn Recorder of the time and turn of Days. stern old secretary was just turning a new page. nothing curious could detain Philip for long. He hurried on, and when Christmas saw him come on the run, he held out his hand kindly, saying to Philip and his companion, "Would you like to go with me? A long road, but a pleasant one is before me; no other Day has so pleasant a road to travel as I have. Note my big sled and its mighty load, and the eight reindeers all pawing the ground restless to be going." As they were boarding the sled, along came a rather old looking man. He was the Twenty-Fourth-of-December now returning to the hall of Days for his year's rest. As he saw them he exclaimed, "Ah, Brother Christmas, I have left fine weather for you! The old world was looking quite dirty and uninviting, but I carried bags filled with snow and emptied them lustily over houses, forests, and fields. You will find sleigh-riding a real sport. Go right to it, and fortune speed you well."

Once the reindeers were given the signal to go, the big sled bounded over the clouds eastward and rapidly made its way towards the earth. The sun was just rising, and Philip thought that he had never seen the sun look so glorious. But what was surprising to him was that all over the eastern lands he saw crowds of people bowed down in worship to the sun, and they gave no attention to Christmas. Philip wanted to know the reason for this neglect. "The reason is this," Christmas explained, "that

they do not as yet know me; but I hope that at some time, not far distant, I shall be able to put down on my records that all men worship and know only the great King of Kings whose birthday I am."

Hurrying towards the west with the sun, the clanging and chiming of bells greeted them everywhere. Crowds of people could be seen saluting one another merrily with heartiest good wishes and were gathering in churches for Divine services. Christmas informed Philip and his little winged friend that these people knew what Day was journeying through the world, and that, in consequence of this knowledge, they were gathering to worship the great King of Kings. "Everytime I come," he said, "I find more of them, but there was a time here also when there was no celebration like at present at all. Not until Prince Emmanuel rode from heaven down to the world with me did I get the name, Christmas Day. Don't you both think that I have reasons to be glad that of all the inhabitants of the great Palace of Days, it should fall to my lot that I should be the birthday for this godly Prince throughout the world? When it chanced to be my good fortune to accede to this. office, it was then that my journey over the world was accompanied by the song of Angels, 'Glory to. God, the Highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will'."

In the course of this conversation, they had passed over many lands. Everywhere the people welcomed them with the greatest joy, and in every place, through the windows of houses and churches could be seen decorations and lights in honor of the great King of Kings. Even artificial stars, made in imitation of the one that shone at Bethlehem, added their gleaming light to beautify the world. Christmas grew merrier and merrier as he drove along scat-

tering gifts among the people and especially among the children. At length Philip's home-land hove into view. Presently he saw the house where he lived; and how it came about was something he could never tell, but he remembered that he had not bidden Merry Christmas goodbye. The mischievous, little winged dream-sprite, who had been with him all the while, quickly flew with him right through the window of his home and then disappeared. But again he felt the touch of a hand. As he opened his eyes, lo, there stood his mother. "Wake up, little man," she said, "Christmas is here!"

"Where is he now? Where is he? I know that he was here, but he left me," Philip answered hastily, "I have been all around the world with him."

Gilbert Wirtz '32



Christmas Eue

Crystal, clear, bright night!
Filigree snowflakes, vapor wrought,
Melting at softest touch,
Shimmering a while in Diana's silver raiment.
Cold, sweet air!
A sheen soft grey and languorous
Floating from a silhouetted chimney.
Pungent odor of wood smoke
Subtly suggestive of a happy gathering
Round a merry fireplace!
Silence! A bell! Another and another!
Joyful clamour, silver chiming
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Robert Nieset '32.

The Heavenly Babe

Oh beauteous Babe
Of love divine!
Hope of all men;
Oh Saviour mine!
What love for Thee my heart must hold,
When Thy sweet form my eyes behold.

Yea, beauteous Babe
Of love divine!
Hope of all men;
Oh Savior mine!
Thy graces fair, I do implore,
That I may love Thee ever more.

Cannot be paid;
Blest be Thou, Babe
Whom God has made!
May stars their glory add to Thine,
And angels worship at Thy shrine.

Dear beauteous Babe,
Of love divine!
Hope of all men,
Oh Savior mine!
As seers of old Thy birth foretold;
What they foresaw; my arms enfold.

J. N. W. '32

GIFTS—LARGE OR SMALL BUNDLES

Do we like Christmas presents? What a question! But what about the size of them? Should they come to us in small packages or in large ones? Who cares? Well, I do, and I want to know something about the likes and dislikes of people in this matter. "Is this a quizzing contest?" you ask. Of course it is not; but please stand by for an interview. Are large packages or small ones the more agreeable to the person who gets them? Certainly, if I am to come right down to earth with my questions and quit bothering people with them, I will answer in reply to my own inquiry that at Yuletide everybody must take what he gets. "Freely given; gladly received" holds here. Furthermore, receivers should not be impertinent enough to be choicy. Plainly, in the few words that I shall use right now, I am going to tell "you all" (as the Kentuckians will have it) that in the past I have received a lot of things for nothing, and that, too, a Christmas present, and I never growled and will not growl about anything that I get for nothing, for fear that I should never get a chance to growl again.

But here I must tell you something that I really should growl about. It was on the day before the twenty-fifth of December—you are not so dull, I hope, that you don't know that this day was the twenty-fourth of that month—that I received a four-foot square box; a real wooden box, yes sir! The address on the box read, "From Santa to you." My friend Bill—young men always have a handy friend named Bill—helped me to boost this twenty-five pounder into the back room of my snug little five-room cottage. I always reserve this back room for just such packages as my old friend, Santa Claus, leaves for me.

Bill did not leave, oh, no, he stayed just to see how I would operate on a tightly nailed wooden box. Perhaps his curiosity went further than that. I began the operation without asking him if he approved or disapproved of my methods; and I want to tell you right now, before I forget about it, as Bill is here again and as usual is doing all the talking, that there is no nervous thrill that stands more in need of a shock-absorber than is the thrill that arises out of opening and searching an oversized Christmas box of the kind that I had received. I said that I began the operation. Just bet your boots. I did. Off came the boards. Excelsior products showed up in great quantity. Inch by inch I removed this rubbish; all the time fearful that I might harm the wonderful present that surely would bulge out of its thick insulation and blow me down with surprise before I could find time to realize its value.

Down deeper and deeper I plunged my eager hands into the safety-wadding. Ah, at last my anticipatory "claws" came into contact with a wrapping of transparent linoleum. Completely exhausted and standing ear-deep in tinsel, ribbons, and excelsior, I could not draw breath enough to utter an exclamation of surprise, but I did gasp, splutter, and blubber similar to a fellow who was hit hard below the belt. All the while I was clutching hard at a box about two feet on the bias. Of course this box must contain the gift; I could not doubt that at all. No careful operation this time; no matter what Bill would say about my technique. Off came the linoleum with a jerk that would have excited the envy of an Indian most adept at scalping. I was just breaking into song like an opera singer on pay-day when I found that the gift was just another wadding of excelsior. Taking a fresh grip on the

precautions devised by civilization, I dove into the wadding like a hound digging into the burrow of a hare. My strength was supported by the idea that I had an overwhelming guess coming.

Gradually coming into view was another box well filled with artificial cabbage designed to act like a shock-absorber, and then another box; great goodness! great——. Well, by this time I knew that I was not getting a piano. Successive surprises had made that clear to me; besides it was also made clear to me that I was sweating like "nobody's business." Feverish excitement hardly allowed me to realize that I was approaching bedrock; yet there is where I actually was. The wrappings, the excelsior, and other straw-like stuff lying all about me, made me feel as if I had harvested all the state of Kansas, and that for no other purpose than to get one kernel of wheat.

Ah, here was the gift! Ah, yes, yes, how I wilted at the sight of a set of "cuff links," gold, maybe, but "cuff links" just the same, and, that too, for old fashioned hard-starched cuffs. What do you think of me, eh? What did Bill think of me? But Bill, to the dickens! He began to talk.

Now to use an old-time expression such as "Taking things all in all," I want to say that, taking things all in all, I have found out that Santa Claus is very generous in giving excelsior, tinsel, and other kinds of wadding, but what about gifts when I come into consideration? Furthermore, I want to thank my friends, at least some of them, for their maximum of packing material and their minimum of presents.

Listen now, my firends, here is the tap of the gavel. I rise to make the motion that henceforth I shall receive smaller bundles, packages, crates

boxes, and, do you hear? Larger gifts. Is there any second to this motion???

Frank J. Novak '32

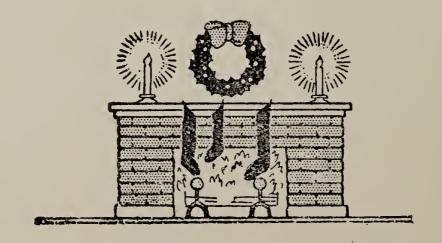
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Bethlehem's Glory

A pall of haze engulfed the mind of man; Concupiscence with ignorance of grace Defiled his soul and shattered heaven's plan To shed immortal glory o'er his race. Closed were the portals of his destined home, While sin and death with all their ugly train Shut out the light that streamed from heaven's dome, And would o'er man as tyrant monarchs reign.

Yet Bethlehem, unknown but for His name, Became a home for Him who broke this ban; Who now as Lord of Hosts has world-wide fame As One who is eternal joy for man. What glory in that manger lay concealed, As Jesus, stands before the world revealed!

L. C. Storch '32



THE MAGIC DOG

Bright and cheery were the last few days before Christmas. The weather man was plainly doing his best to console people in their distress arising out of unemployment. One of the great number of unemployed, and that for the space of two entire years already, was Mr. Stanly. As he walked down the rear steps of his house and gazed about in the back yard, thinking all the while what he might do to make the approaching great day of Christmas at least in some measure enjoyable to his family, the idea came to his mind that perhaps it was his own fault that he had no employment. Did he really search hard enough for work? Had he not grown too indolent during the last two lazy years to care for work at all? Thoughts of this kind crowded into his mind and troubled him until he grew sad in spite of the cheerfulness of the weather.

"What I shall do," he said to himself in his depressed mood, "is walk about looking for work until I drop in my tracks. If I show that I am determined, perhaps Mr. Luck will become a good friend of mine even at this late hour."

Having armed himself with courage enough to tear the world to bits, or to get work, he walked for miles about the city in which he lived only to find that at the evening of the day he was ready to drop in his tracks from weariness and chagrin. Upon entering his home, he carelessly pitched his well-worn slouchy hat on the kitchen table while uttering the same hopeless words:

"Nothing doing anywhere in this world. The only object that comes in sight is other men who are in the same fix with me—out of work and out of money."

To these despairing words of Mr. Stanly, his wife replied encouragingly:

"Ah, come on, hubby! We still have life, and where there is life there is hope. We can push along as best we may, until more fortunate days show up again. Since our savings have been sufficient to keep us going up to this time, and since there will be enough money on hand to squeeze out the year, we have no reason to be downcast; rather we should be thankful for the good luck that is ours, at least for the present."

Mr. Stanly felt that his wife spoke these words more from motives of sympathy than from a feeling of truth, for he knew that right along for the past several months she had experienced the pinch of poverty very keenly. Hence he asked the following question very bluntly:

"How can you feel that way? Why, both you and our child, Annie, are almost starved already!"

"Think of yourself, dear," Mrs. Stanly replied refusing to allow herself to be daunted by her husband's dispirited condition. "You have been tramping the streets all this day, and that I am sure is no special delight either."

There was nothing, however, that could comfort Mr. Stanly in his present mood. Feeling as wretched as he was tired, he flung himself on a chair and buried his face in his hands. In this position, he yielded full sway to misery over his mind. Christmas would be just another day of cold, suffering, hunger as so many days had already been for his family. He felt ashamed of himself at not being able to do something for his wife and child to make them passingly comfortable. From bitter thoughts, he turned to maudlin ideas of Christmas presents and dainty eats. But these ideas soon struck him as

being perfectly foolish considering the circumstances in which he and those who belonged to him had to live. To chase these thoughts from his mind, he was about to rise from his chair and go out of doors. His wife seeing him move from his chair, came up to him with more words of encouragement:

"Now, hubby, don't be so despondent. I know very well what you have been thinking about. Leave all thoughts about presents, eats, and the like out of your mind. We can find cheerfulness without such things. They are beyond our reach for the coming Christmas holiday. When all the world fails a person, there is still left to him that other side of life where spiritual gifts and joys may be obtained by prayer. You know as well as I do that this variety of gifts must be our solace over Christmas this year, and when taken in the right spirit, they produce a calm joy and happiness that often last longer and reach deeper into the human heart than do material gifts however precious. Hence for this year at Christmas, let all our gifts be spiritual, and with the help of God we shall be able to bear up with all our earthly privations cheerfully."

To this startling advice, Mr. Stanly could not reply in words, but the gay smile that brightened his face gave the answer. His gloomy thoughts left him at the suggestions given him by his wife, and very soon he found himself in sunnier spirits. In his better mood, he even hit upon an idea of a present for his little daughter, Annie. He recalled that among several old heirlooms that had been stowed away in the attic of the house there was a small china dog which bore on one of its sides the inscription, "Magic Dog." The recollection that this piece of junk was still in his possession interested him greatly. In happier days, he had often put up this

very trinket as a prize at games of cards, but it invariably returned to him. That was luck, sheer good luck, so he mumbled to himself. The thought that the china dog would make a fine Christmas gift for little Annie gave him a fit of pleasure.

Up to the attic he hurried; tore open the old trunk that held the rather worthless heirlooms, all the while afraid that he might be disappointed in his search, but, to his great satisfaction, he found the toy perfectly well preserved. Merely a picture of Santa Claus, neatly cut from the colored section of a newspaper, would be all that was necessary, so he decided, to make this, otherwise useless piece of rubbish, a highly prized present for his child. It would be all that he could lay hold of, that he knew for certain, even if there were two more days before Christmas.

When little Annie had gone to bed on the evening before Christmas, Mr. Stanly, her father, placed the "Magic Dog" on a chair beside her bed where she would be sure to see it as soon as she awoke in the morning. At midnight he and his wife attended services, leaving their child alone to enjoy the fairy sights of dreamland. She was still sound asleep when they returned home, but she was first to be awake in the morning, and very soon was heard to make as much fuss in showing her happiness and surprise at receiving this seeming present from Santa Claus, as many other children make over a full dozen of expensive toys. It was her joy because of this insignificant present that brought good cheer for the day into her home. That little Annie should be happy and amused was enough to give contentment and comfort to her parents. They did not think that on that same day a real surprise was in store for them that would add wealth to their present contentment.

It all happened in a very unexpected manner, but not without an accident to little Annie's "Magic Dog." While, in her childish way, she was trying to teach the china animal the kind of tricks she believed it ought to perform, it fell to the floor and broke into many pieces. All her joy was gone in a moment. To console her, Mr. Stanly, her father, hurried to gather up the pieces intending to patch them together as best he could when to his great astonishment he saw a large glittering stone lying The stone had been concealed within on the floor. the "Magic Dog." That it must be a gem was evident to him at once, but he could not guess its value. How it had ever come to be concealed in such a peculiar manner was beyond his boldest surmise. But there it was in his hand as a sheer token of good luck. He called his wife and showed the gem to her. advised taking it to a jeweler in order to discover if it had any worth at all or not. This he resolved to do at once, and off he was to find out if luck or mere humbug had made him tramp the streets again.

For the first time in two years he had the happiness to return to his home with good news. The jeweler had told him that the stone was a real diamond, and that because of its weight it was worth fully a thousand dollars. Moreover, a bargain was struck for the gem at once in which half the sum was paid down in cash. Where hunger, suffering, and privation had held sway, now in that home happiness reigned supreme. Little Annie was quickly compensated for her loss, and her parents felt the truth of the old saying that extreme need usually finds its remedy, if not at the hands of human beings, then at the hands of a benign providence.

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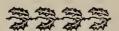
Christmas, the ever-new feast, is just around the corner. It belongs to the greatest days in the Christian calendar. When princes are born, the world gives evidence of joy by ringing bells; when Christ was born the world was silent, but the heavens gave signs of rejoicing. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals, and festivals; and it is no more than sensible and just that the entire world should make a red-letter day out of Christmas, for it is not a feast merely national in character, but it has the greatest significance for man in every clime, country, and government of the world. Only Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, is worthy of world-wide and undying remembrance. People testify to this fact by making the annual Christmas celebration the greatest of all gala days in the course of the year. They have every reason to assume this attitude toward an event which is doubly full of meaning for them, namely, the brotherhood of man with the Son of God, and the message of peace, a matter that all men of good will highly prize.

Amid the joys of the Christian celebration, the good Christian will not neglect to glorify God and to give thanks to Him for manifesting the greatest fatherly love toward mankind. To facilitate the fulfillment of this obligation for him, church services are carried out with more than usual beauty, and objects like the representation of the manger in which Christ lay as an infant are brought before his

eyes. These matters, together with the singing of Christmas carols, are intended to assist every Christian in making his devotion more profound, lasting, and earnest than would otherwise be possible for him. Every person to whose mind the meaning of Christmas is thoroughly brought home will feel the love of God renewed in his heart and will find reasons to give Him thanks in all sincerity and humility.

When the mind and heart of man have been refreshed by contact with God in the course of religious devotions, it is but natural that he should enjoy the lawful pleasures of the world more deeply than will otherwise be possible. He gives expression to this feeling of worldly joy by exchanging gifts with those who are near and dear to him and by instituting family and social activities. All this is good and well enough providing the decorum, consistent with the spirit of Christmas, be observed. For a heart in which the love of God finds a place, together with the love of man, especially generosity for the poor, and in which there is a desire for real peace, Christmas will be a day of which the meaning will not easily be forgotten.

L. J. E.



Just recently the literary world, assidiously following the pursuits of its pet child, George Bernard Shaw, was astounded by this "literary lion's" startling discoveries on his recently completed jaunt to Russia. Some, with that abject attitude of the proverbial gullible country boy, waited in eager anticipation for weighty utterances from the lips of this "rarest" of modern intellects. These ardent Shavian protagonists enthusiastically announced that "a Daniel had come to judgement." Others, however, notably those more conservative, looked on with re-

signed indulgence. The latter seemingly know George Bernard Shaw a bit better. They have wisely not compromised their intelligence and good judgement by a too-hasty acceptance of Shavian contradictions.

The verbal thoughts of this "prince of thinkers"—so called by those more liberal minded—as usual consisted of supremely weighty statements suggesting much and meaning nothing. The usual quota of contradictions, illogical statements, and terribly witty jests were likewise found in Shaw's staggering statements. It would mean to slight Shaw grievously were we not to add further that his observations and comments as usual remind us of Ibsen. Incidentally it might be remarked that once again the Fates have seemingly erred: Ibsen and Shaw should have been brothers. Of course, this is a rather inconsiderate stand to take against inoffensive Norway.

As a concrete example of these assertions, we might analyze one of the less eccentric observations of this notable, George Bernard Shaw. He is thoroughly convinced that the new Russian civilization has run far ahead of the English, the American, and all others. "When you have finished the job," he told the Soviets, "there will be a hurry to follow your example." Now just what can Shaw mean by "finish the job?" Russia admittedly has murdered thousands for having lived under the Czar and for not having been prompt enough in changing colors. Russia designedly stole the lands, the properties, the personal posessions of her bourgeoisie. Did they not hold their goods with just as much right as Shaw owns his clothes, his books, and his copyrights?

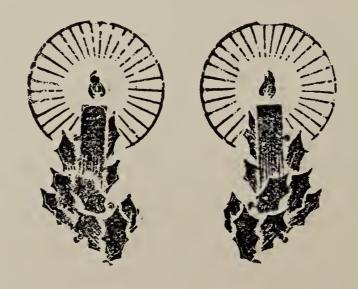
Is this the job we are to finish? Are we to confiscate the property of our compatriots? Mr. Shaw would have us believe that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for not having duplicated this so-high-a-civilization.

And who is it that can question any credo of the all-respectable and honorable Mr. Shaw? Is not he the last word in solving our greatly exaggerated social problems? Certainly! cry his admirers, and with wide-open, beseeching eyes they look to him, for in the light of his seventy-five years and white hair they consider any words emanating from his august organ of speech as veritable revelations.

Do we want a governmental regime that forces us to live in perpetual terror? Are we to sponsor a government that declares, as Stalin actually does, that the husband and the wife belong to the State? We hold that the home depends on the indissoluble relations between wife and husband; and is not "a bold peasantry the country's pride?"

But why should we go on probing into these absurdities? Reflecting a bit on the whole affair, we stop, wonder, and ask: Can the dictums of Mr. Shaw be the sincere thoughts of "the greatest intellect of all times," or are they perhaps the hollow roaring of the "lion" rejoicing in imposing upon the gullibility of the "intelligentsia?"

W. J. C.





From "way down south" comes the Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, Louisiana. Produced in a sunny clime its pages reflect the spirit of that romantic city from whence it comes. Somehow its pages have the same pleasing effect upon one as does the enjoyment of a peaceful siesta in the warm southern sun as one listens to the never-ending and ever significant washing of the Gulf upon the shore. The contents of the Chronicle give rise to mental vagaries in a land far removed from our now bleak and seemingly unfriendly region, or as someone so aptly expressed it "the land of fur Bennies to the land of flannel pants."

"In the Wee Sma' Hours of the Mornin" Miss Edmond has produced a story which, though simple in plot, strikes a sympathetic chord in the reader's heart because of its very simplicity. The author of "One Stormy Night," shows herself to be the possessor of a fertile and quite poetic imagination, together Although "The Child with evident literary talent. O' the River" is a production which is appealing because of the facile expression and the gripping emotion which accompany the development of the plot, yet its attractiveness is somewhat reduced because it is "to be continued next month." This manner of dividing stories is a trick used to gain circulation in the larger magazines, and has no justifiable reason for being used in a school publication where literary efforts alone are stressed.

Your school may well be proud of its poets, es-

pecially of Betty Edmond, who is indeed among the favored of the muses. Erato herself must have inspired the beautiful lyric "Longing," which by reason of its exquisite sentiment is the finest poem on the pages of the Chronicle. "A Gypsy's Admonition" and "October" are verse of surpassing quality. Both are far above the poetic standards ordinarily found in high schools. Enviable is the reward promised to the "West Wind."

Variety is not only the spice of life, but is also the key which gives access to the Pierian spring and goes far toward enhancing the poetry section. Watch careful lest your bard fall into the rut of sameness, for the monotony of sameness will cause the really good poetry to be overlooked. Distribution of the poems throughout the literary section may bring about a greater appreciation of their worth. A few beautiful sonnets, some pleasant rondeaux, or a number of charming triolets would do much to lend a finished touch to your publication and would set off the prose matter to a greater advantage.

If the ensuing issues of the Chronicle are kindred to the November edition, the staff will be able to look back with a warrantable feeling of satisfaction "upon tasks steadfastly accomplished and upon difficulties bravely overcome."

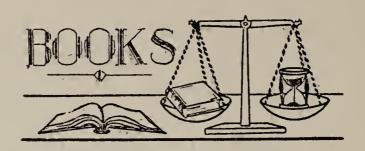
High School News, St. Peter and Paul High School, Ottawa, Ohio, is to be congratulated upon the addition of an exchange editor to the personnel of the school publication. Especially praiseworthy is the enthusiasm and sincerity with which Miss Kahle is performing her duties.

To all our exchanges we extend sincerest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a New Year fruitful of literary productions—both in prose and poetry.

We are grateful for the following exchanges re-

ceived since our last publication: The Aurora, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.; The Calumet Cosmos, Hammond, Ind.; Canisius Monthly, Buffalo, New York; Centric, Toledo, Ohio; The Marywood College Bay Leaf, Scranton, Penn.; The Olivia, Oldenburg, Ind.; The Pacific Star, St. Benedict, Oregon; The Pilgrim, Corpus Christi, Texas; The Rattler, San Antonio, Texas; The Rensselaerien, Rensselaer, Ind.; St. John's Record, Collegeville, Minnesota; St. Joseph's Gleaner, Hinsdale, Ill.; Shadows, Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska; Sunflower, Salina, Kansas; The Torch, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; St. Louis Collegian, Honolulu, Hawaii; The Rosarian, Adrian, Michigan; Look-A-Head, Norwalk, Ohio; The Collegian, St. Mary's College, California.





A Note In Tranquillity

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK, by Willa Cather.

Shadows rise and fall, flicker momentarily, and cast dim silhouettes on the rock which is Quebec. With intermittent wavers they suddenly and strangely flutter away into mysterious eternity like the dying flames of brief candles. And the rugged waves of the St. Lawrence keep breaking against the rock.

Miss Cather, author of that supremely beautiful masterpiece, "Death Comes For the Archbishop," has after a four-year meditation written another novel in the same "pearly monotone," with the same greatness of aesthetic sensibilities, and in the same note of classic tranquillity. Quebec of Count Frontenac's and Louis XIV's time is her setting; their subjects, the "Shadows on the Rock," her characters. to its prototype, "Death Comes For the Archbishop," the book is plotless. But are not the vicissitudes of life more intricate, yet more simple, than the posturings and intriguings of novelists? Through Euclide Auclair, apothecary of Frontenac, and his well-reared little daughter, Cecile, we come in contact with early French-Canadian Quebec and her hardy settlers. Cecile is rigorously disciplined by her father according to the Catholic traditions of Old France: the family, sacred; housekeeping and wines, matters of feminine art; daughters, demure and home-abiding until the proper religious instruction and a marriageable age have been reached. Of convent life we learn much from Cecile's visits to the Ursuline nunnery. The tale of Montreal's holy recluse, Jeanne Le

Ber, comes nearer to true Catholic spirituality than anything of its kind in all modern literature. The clerical conflict between Mgr. de Laval and the new bishop, Saint-Vallier, is unaffectedly well drawn. In the epilogue Saint-Vallier, after a long imprisonment loses much of his arrogance and becomes a faithful shepherd. Little Cecile's motherly care and attachment for Jacques, the young legitimate son of 'Toinette, the hoyden, is the most pathetic relation between two characters that Miss Cather has ever produced.

"Shadows on the Rock" is a Catholic masterpiece, though its author does not belong to the Church: it is bathed in the calm spirit and restful dignity of Catholicism. Miss Cather's later writings are like the purity of a sweet musical chord, like "the fragrance of incense at Benediction"—they are directly opposed to naturalism, to sensationalism, to the morbid, pessimistic aspects of life. Yet her characters are none-the-less living; her creations, not fairylands. But one is so struck by her restfulness, her tranquillity, that he wonders it is not overdone. Would not Miss Cather's writings have a surer claim to immortality if they had something of Sigrid Undset's epic power in them? It is my opinion that if they would, Willa Cather could then crown herself not only the sweetheart of modern American literature, but of all American literature.

The Enigma of Mary Stuart

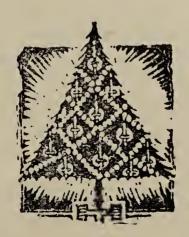
IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING, by Maurice Baring.

Scotland's fairest primrose grew on the highest bough. Yet even there she was pricked by both the base and noble thorns that grew around and after her. Around her were insidiously arrayed three fatal

forces: John Knox, who hated her for religious motives; her ignoble, contumacious half-brother, the Earl of Moray, who fought against her because he wanted her place, and Queen Elizabeth, who loathed her for reasons of politics and feminine perfections. After her execution by Elizabeth, the much-loved and moremaligned Mary, Queen of Scots, has found herself the subject of a perennial controversy between two bitter, battling antagonists who are determined to fight their cause to the death—the "Mariolaters" and the "Anti-Marians." The former believe her to be a martyr and a saint. Of these were Agnes Strickland, Donald McLeod, and the more skeptical Andrew Lange. The "Anti-Marians," on the other hand, like John Knox, think her to be the murderer of her husband, "my Lord Darnley." They are convinced that she was a wayside wanton, not merely bad, but terribly bad like Cleopatra or Catherine the Great; that she was a Maria Louise Bonaparte or a Helen of Troy, a source of jealousies, and a vincible victim of Cupid. Of such were the historian, Froude, and the Swinburnian school of poets. Mary, Queen of Scots, alone of all the great women of history (except Joan of Arc?) was during her lifetime and after her death proclaimed anything from a hussy to a candidate for canonization. Walsingham once said that "the love and hatred that was borne her was either of the extremest degree."

Indeed, the seeming complexity of Mary Stuart's life and character has resulted in a vast "Marian literature." Schiller and Bjornson could not refrain from adopting her as the "prima donna" of one or the other of their plays, and least of all could Sir Walter Scott, with his multitudinous group of colorful, historical personages, leave Mary Stuart unnoticed. But to Mr. Baring's book.

"In My End is My Beginning," (the motto embroidered on Mary's Chair of State), is an "attempt," says the author, "to retell, once more after many thousand times, the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, from her childhood until the beginning of her end." But the book takes no definite viewpoint of the Queen. On the contrary, it gives her life from four different angles. The Queen's ladies-in-waiting, the Maries Fleming, Beton, Livingstone, and Seton are individually made to disclose the life of the Queen of Scots as they might have friendly, though critically, witnessed it. The effect of this method is, of course, unusually novel. Behind the narrative of each story-teller is perceived a distinct character. Both the language and spirit are keen imitations of an Elizabethan chronicler, and not once does Mr. Baring allow the slightest suspicion to arise that he is one of our contemporaries. He draws no conclusions, establishes no theories: the reader is wisely left to infer his own opinions. "In My End Is My Beginning" is the November selection of the Catholic Book Club and an interestingly important addition to Marian literature.





God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.

Fling aside all cares and spend a merry Christmas eve by the fireside. Let the little cedar tree, glittering with many colored lights and decked with crnaments, recall the glorious joys of youth. For, indeed, as Dickens so spiritedly put it, "It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas time when its mighty Founder was a Child Himself." Let the warm flames of the glowing hearth revive the warmer friendships formed during College days. And hear the joyous greetings which, through the Collegian, your Alma Mater sends: A MERRY CHRISTMAS, ALUMNI!

But now for a little news. Just the other day an Alumnus turned out to be a real spendthrift. He freely, under no legal obligation whatsoever, purchased a stamp and mailed a letter telling us of his whereabouts, hows, and whys. Who was he? No other than the pleasant Al Landwher of Denver, Colorado, and ex-'32 man, who is employed in that city by the Continental Oil Company. During the past summer vacation Al surprised many of his old classmates by a lengthy visit to his Alma Mater.

Whether it is the beautiful St. Charles Seminary or its captivating atmosphere that attracts students to join the Community of the Precious Blood is yet to be discovered; but we maintain, as do the Seminarians, that both opinions account for the charms of Carthagena. Joseph "Pappy" Sheeran, a graduate of '31 has rejoined his class at St. Charles Seminary where we hope he will find himself perfectly content.

During the past the ordinary means of broad-casting news was commonly believed to be by telegraph or telephone; at the present, radio. But this time there happens to be an exception. A little secret breezed in on a puff of wind from the west—way out where the people are still chorusing "When it's Spring-time in the Rockies." The Rev. Albin H. Ratermann, who studied at St. Joe's from '18-'24, has taken up work on the "Denver Register" at Denver, Colorado, to train himself for Catholic journalism. How long he will stay in Colorado beyond the year is not known, but it is reported that he will take up journalism later on at Columbia University.

To receive an oversized "Hello" from an Alumnus is gratefully accepted and returned. This time John J. Scharf, more commonly known in the history of St. Joseph's as "Vic," sends this big "Hello" and a few other words of greeting to all the "old-timers" of the Alumni who still remember him. Mr. Scharf lives in Toledo, Ohio, and is Superintendent of the Libby-Owens-Ford Plate Glass Company. Your jovial personality, Mr. Scharf, evident in the note, is an ample reason that the Faculty and Alumni should remember you and do so with pleasure.





DEDICATION OF GROTTO

On the afternoon of Sunday, November 15th, blue skies and warm sunshine, despite a high wind, gave an ideal setting for the solemn dedication ceremonies of the new Lourdes Grotto. At one-thirty o'clock students, Brothers, Sisters, Reverend Faculty, and many visitors, who had previously assembled in the chapel, began to march very devoutly to the grotto. During the procession and at the grotto, public prayers were recited; the four-voiced hymns of the vested College choir and the congregational singing of the entire student body added much to the impressiveness of the ceremonies.

As celebrant, Rev. Bernard Ersing, C.PP.S. of Appleton, Wisconsin, invoked the blessing of God upon the shrine erected in honor of the B. V. Mary and her Divine Son. Rev. Christian Staab, C. PP. S. and Rev. Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S. were deacon and subdeacon respectively, while Rev. Cyrille Knue, C. PP. S. acted as master of ceremonies. The dedicatory sermon was delivered by Rev. Ildefonse Rapp, C. PP. S. in which he first briefly sketched the miraculous history of the world-famed grotto at Lourdes, and continued as follows:

"These wondrous events at Lourdes have proved to be so many seeds of marvelous vitality, carried into every part of the world, planted in diverse soils, carefully and lovingly nurtured—and behold! grottoes have come into existence everywhere.

"One of these tiny seeds, wafted hither upon the pinions of faith and grace, found lodgement in this

grove in the year 1898. It was discovered by one who was a student at the time, and whom it is our privilege to have with us as celebrant on this occasion. But since every enduring work meets with difficulty and opposition, Father Ersing's experience was not unlike that of many others in realizing ambitions nobly conceived. He met with enthusiastic support on the part of some; others viewed his undertaking with indifference; others were antagonistic; others, just tolerant. Undismayed he pushed his undertaking to successful completion. It resulted in the small grotto which has been a favorite spot of devotion throughout these past thirty-three years.

"An opportune gift of a generous donor, the Rev. I. Rauh, C. PP. S. who passed to his reward less than two years ago, awakened a new ambition which was enthusiastically fostered by Father A. Scheidler. He, aided by a crew of efficient student workers under the capable direction of Mr. Meinrad Parzinger from Columbus, Ohio, erected this imposing monument to the honor of the Mother of God during this past summer.

"Since the Mother of God was so intimately associated with Her Divine Son on earth, we find them both symbolically represented here. The one raised aloft on foundations as enduring as the rocks; the other concealed in the mysterious shadows of "Gethsemane." In our present condition, we needs must possess such symbolic representations in order to appeal to our sympathies, to assist our imagination, and to stimulate our devotion.

"The builders of this grotto will pass away. We, who are privileged to assist at this dedication, shall pass on. Other student groups will range in devout attendance here. Other Brothers, Sisters, and groups of devout laity will come here, but the memory of

who can tell whether the vitality of that wondrous little seed, casually planted here, is even yet exhausted? Who can tell whether some day a magnificent basilica will not rise on this spot; whether pilgrimages from all parts of the country will not converge here? Who can tell whether God has not selected this place as the repository of his inexhaustible goodness, love, and marvellous deeds of mercy?

"This service of dedication gives to this grotto and its immediate surroundings a character of sacredness, smiliar to that which a church possesses in which the Lord of Heaven and Earth deigns to dwell. This character of sanctity is to be remembered by all those who come here. Frivolity and all that savors of profaneness must be banished; respectful silence, concentration, and devout prayer are in place here. Then will this grotto become the source of numberless favors and graces for you, assisting you to solve life's problems and to reach life's objectives with greater assurance of success.

"In conclusion I shall quote from St. Bernard's eloquent plea for confidence and trust in the Blessed Mother: 'When the storm of temptation arises, when you are amidst the reefs and shoals of tribulation, fix your gaze upon the Star of the Sea, call upon Mary. If tossed upon the rising tide of pride and ambition, if lost upon the troubled waters of scandal and contention, then look to the Star, invoke her name. Do the billows of anger, and avarice, and lust batter against your soul with terror, or the fear of judgement paralyze your heart, then, when about to sink to the depths of despondency, to plunge headlong into despair, then think of Mary; let her name be ever upon your lips, and the thought of her ever in your heart. Under her protection, you shall know no

fear; under her guidance, you shall not falter; under her patronage, you shall surely reach your goal."

After these inspiring words, which were followed by prayers, the procession returned to the chapel for Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament and the closing hymn, "Holy God We Praise Thy Name."

To add a material joy to the occasion, Fr. Ersing and Fr. Scheidler secured a free-day for the following Monday. The students made use of this opportunity to ramble over the countryside.

THE GROVE

In the grove which affords a picturesque setting for the grotto are to be found a few primeval oak trees. Numerous stumps, however, attest to the destructive work of time. But what time has effaced, man has replaced, so that many European elms, maples, lindens, box-elders, Carolina poplars, and evergreens now stand where the former monarchs of the woods held sway. For thirty years, Brother Victor, C. PP. S. has carefully nurtured and planted young trees to take the place of those that succumbed to age. During the past six years his work has been carried forward by Father A. Scheidler, under whose direction a number of evergreens and many young oaks have taken root.

There is an interesting history connected with the two European elms located at the north end of the grove. In 1893 Father Stephen, O. S. B., on his return to America from a visit to Woereshofen, Bavaria, had two tiny elms tied on the outside of his travelling bag. As a representative of the Catholic Indians, Father Stephen came on a business trip to the Indian School located in Jasper County. To insure the safe-keeping of his prized trees during his stay at the school, he planted them, as he supposed,

temporarily side by side in the neighboring College grove, until he should find occasion to transfer them to St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio, their original destination. An urgent call to Chicago suddenly altered his plans, and Father Stephen departed without the trees. The weeks yielded to months, then to years, but he did not return. The baby elms, took root, and through succeeding years they remained untransplanted. Today they stand so close together that from a distance they appear as an individual tree of mighty size. Truly, that special trip to Chicago on the part of Father Stephen was a stroke of good fortune for St. Joe's, for these two elms are the parent trees to a large number of other elms on the grounds, whose leaves, like intimate friends, are the first to greet one in the spring, and, in autumn, linger to bid a last farewell.

A year previous to the planting of Father Stephen's elms an art studio was built, which later stood for thirty years within the shade limits of these beautiful trees. Under the direction of Rev. Paulinus Trost, C. PP. S. a number of excellent paintings were, over a period of years, produced in this studio. Of Father Trost's paintings, St. Joe's is happy to possess three that are among his best: "Blessed Gaspar del Buffalo," "Francis de Sales Brunner," and "The Spiritual Marriage of St. Catherine." Incidentally, within the past three weeks, a former pupil at the studio, Mr. Carl Heimburger of Chicago, paid a visit to the College. Of his paintings, "Hagar in the Desert," "The Martyr of the Colosseum," and a copy of Hoffman's "Christ" are still on exhibition at this school.

Many other interesting associations might be gleaned from a further study of the grove and its immediate vicinity. It might be remarked, too, in

passing, that the grove, by the fact that the grotto is located within its limits, is steadily becoming the favorite retreat for a great number of students, especially those more aesthetically inclined.

PETRIFIED STUMP

Last summer Rev. H. J. Friedel, C. PP. S. of St. Aloysius Church, Hage, North Dakota, desiring to add something to the grotto, sent a petrified tree stump which had been taken from a famous forest. To quote from his letter:

"The stump comes from the historical Bad Lands of Medora, North Dakota. It was taken from the petrified forest of the Pleasant Valley Ranch, at one time the home of 'Teddy' Roosevelt, where he built up his bodily strength to match his sturdy mind. His cabin, now established on the capitol grounds, is very dear to the hearts of the North Dakotans. This stump was taken from the most extensive petrified forest in America, near the famous 'Garden of the God's and the 'Painted Desert.' So one should try to preserve this relic, as I call it, for it is from one of the most beautiful spots in God's American Although I made a long trip, some three Creation. hundred miles, for this stump, I was almost disappointed. I found someone of influence, however, who was permitted to take one of these stumps. Few people are thus favored, for this section of the Bad Lands is the core of the future Roosevelt National Park."

The College extends sincerest thanks to Father Friedel for his interesting contribution to the grotto.

All students have become members of the Archconfraternity of the Precious Blood and of the Holy Name Society under the direction of Father C. Knue.

RETREAT

There comes a time each year, when all the students of St. Joe's gladly drop all scholastic, social, and sport activities to meditate on things holy and sacred. A period of silence, almost ascetic, hovered over the College during the annual retreat which began on the evening of Nov. 28th and ended on the morning of Dec. 2nd. This retreat to which one always looks forward as a time of spiritual peace and of special grace, proved to be most interesting and most beneficial, under the inspiring guidance of the Rev. Cyril Georgel, O. F. M.

PROFESSION

With a fervor that is indicative of the Precious Blood Community, sixteen new members took their first promise, while ten other students were invested with cassock and collar. The Solemn High Mass for the occasion was celebrated by the Very Rev. Ignatius Wagner, C. PP. S., Provincial of the Precious Blood Community. Those who received the cincture are: A. Frankovich, L. Fullenkamp, N. Missler, L. Sudhoff, S. Klemen, A. Selhorst, C. Robbins, W. Steiger, J. Leon, H. Balster, E. Moorman, N. Lauber, W. Staudt, R. Dery, L. Kulzer, and H. Kuhns. The following ten students were invested with cassock and collar: C. Zimerle, J. Tobin, R. Wuest, J. Considine, V. Nels, T. Hamme, N. Sulkowski, V. Kreinbrink, L. Kostka, and V. Ranly.

BRUNNERDALE NOTES

Seemingly immured behind the scenic hills of Stark County, Ohio, the Gothic edifice of Brunnerdale Seminary peers forth in all its quietude and architectural beauty. Brunnerdale, the new preparatory Seminary of the Society of the Precious Blood, was two years ago a dream; one year ago, a plan; but today, an artistic reality. This nursery of God's chosen ones is situated eleven miles from Canton's main square, and four miles from the heart of Massillon, in the midst of the picturesque "hills and dales" so characteristic of that part of Eastern Ohio.

The building itself is the last word in modern architecture, beautified by the consistent use of early English Gothic. The prevalent design of carved woodwork and stone throughout, enhanced by the gracefulness of Gothic arches, produces an impression of reserve and strength. The Chapel, certainly the most beautiful and inspiring part of Brunnerdale, is fittingly decorated. The beauty of the modernistically decorated interior is crowned by an exposed beamed ceiling, finished in dark hardwood.

On October 5, 1931, fifty-two sudents, two brothers, and three priests eagerly boarded three chartered buses for a ten hour trip from the always-sacred-to-memory and homelike St. Mary's Preparatory Seminary. The day after their arrival at the new Seminary was spent in orienting themselves in the new buildings and to the new surroundings. Very soon, however, everyone began making last minute preparations for the "new-comers" and for classes. Sixty-nine youths, coming from all parts of the United States, arrived on October 15, to enter upon their studies preparatory to the priesthood.

School opened on October 17, with a swift introduction to the work of the year. By October 19, classes were in running order. Members of the faculty are: The Very Rev. Eugene A. Omlor, C. PP. S.; the Rev. George Grievenkamp, C. PP. S.; the Rev. Joseph Lutkemeier, C. PP. S.; the Rev. Thomas Ryan, C. PP. S.; the Rev. Albert Gaulrapp, C. PP. S.; the Rev. Clement Falter, C. PP. S.; the Rev. Paul Spech-

baugh, C. PP. S.; the Rev. Valentine Fleckenstein, C. PP. S.

J. E. B.

SENIOR NIGHT

"Senior Night," ushered in by the novelty effects of a spotlight focused on an artistic '32, found the audience eagerly anticipating the program that the Seniors had prepared for the occasion. audience was not kept long in waiting, for the president of the class, William Coleman, stepping before the footlights, extended, in the name of the class, a hearty welcome to all. He added that the program was so arranged that the tastes of all would be satisfied. For the Kentuckians, a negro playlet had been procured. It was hoped that this would remind the Kentuckians of their state, their homes, and themselves. For the Ohioans a pantomime of intricate and unique arrangement had been developed. The Hoosiers were to be entertained by an imitation of a typical small town Hoosier Band. The program had an additional number featuring the Class Quartet. This feature was for those who like Nathan Hale were without a—state or who were from other states not mentioned.

The curtain arose! The first episode of the program, "The Order of the Boiled Owl," a negro travesty, was dedicated to the students from the Blue Grass State. Under the domineering influence of the Big Hoo Hoo brandishing a trusty mallet, the "ordah was called to meetin"." With such vociferous members as Heekin Lysom, Al A. Bie, and Noah Lott the "ordah" gathered in executive session. The second scene, the staging of "Chrismas Clumbus" by the financially embarrassed organization, was a hilarious success. What could be more humorous than

Clumbus' "wheelin'" arrival at the court of "De Qween ob Spane?" the ingenious wind generator, the portable sail; the imported binoculars?

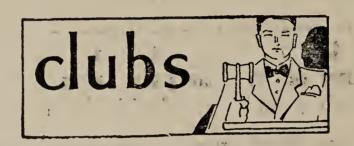
In contrast to the boisterous talking and merry laughter of the preceding feature the second playlet of the entertainment was the pantomime, "A College Bre(a)d Man," dedicated to the loyal Buckeyes. As the reader unfolded the plot of the pantomime, the characters: an amiable father, a loving son, two coldblooded criminals, and two staunch minions of the law, realistically dramatized this production of the class' versatile secretary. The literal rising of the thermometer, the majestic exit of the library lamp, and the turning of "a little pale" were some of the more entertaining features of this little play.

"The Village Band" was by all odds the most entertaining of the various numbers, due to the fact, no doubt, that the largest part of the audience consisted of Hoosiers to whom this number had been dedicated. Human interest and rustic humor marked this sketch from beginning to end. This village band properly known as "The Bee Center Silver Cornet Band" was under the emotional direction of Hank Jackson. This master of music was ably assisted by the romantic bass drummer, Iry Skinner; the Irish Cornetter, Si Higgins; the "Deutcher" bass player; and various other "hicks." Although the band was rustic in appearance, nevertheless, the quality of its various numbers, notably "Cradle of Liberty March" was by no means as rural as its creators. The "classical" quality of their music was probably the means most instrumental in their obtaining the job of playing at the Old Settlers' Reunion.

Would there be any occasion complete without the appearance of the Senior Class Quartet? Their program consisting of a variety of Southern melodies and popular pieces was enthusiastically accepted by the Collegeville Nathan Hales. Their appearance was, without doubt, the most inspirational feature of the entire evening.

The entire program was suitably ended as the entire ensemble gathered for the grand finale which consisted of singing the College Song. Congratulations, Seniors! May like success follow you in future class activities.

M. J. V.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On the Eve of Thanksgiving, Nov. 25, 1931, the C. L. S. annexed another dramatic triumph to a steadily growing list. From the moment the curtain rose for the first act until it coursed downward only too soon upon the last, the audience was held spell-bound. The romantic atmosphere effected by medieval silks and velvets, the excitement roused by flashing swords, wheeling action, and sparkling dialogue all combined to outshadow greatly any minor inconsistencies that may have crept in.

The plot, though not deep but intensely interesting, was woven around the vicious and heartless struggle of Count De Moripont to disgrace his cousin, Count Armand D'Angoulord, Prime Minister to Rene, King of Provence. De Moripont intrigues with Louis XI, King of France, and all goes well until Le Feignant, Fool to Rene, upsets the whole of a perfectly laid scheme by a clever ruse.

John Byrne, carrying the heavy role of Count D'Angoulord, sounded the depths of that noble character time and time again with a versatility and keenness of penetration that held the audience captive throughout the evening.

Charles Maloney as Count Tartarin De Moripont, treacherous foe and cousin of D'Angoulord, amply succeeded in answering the demand of hisrole, namely, to gain the hatred of the audience. So realistic was the portrayal that the audience forgot our amiable "Chuck," and saw only the fiendish De Moripont, with the devil as his chief advocate.

And hats off to Le Feignant, Fool, in the person of Fred Cardinali. This portrayal called for more variety of action than any of the other ten roles combined. And Fred was there with a wealth of clever deviltry and provoking impishness that nobody would ever think of attributing to him in everyday life. The role of Count Henri De Soury, right hand man of De Moripont and just as treacherous, was nicely acted by William Egolf. Robert Nieset as Rene, King of Provence, displayed a real gift of interpretation in his consistently played part. Joseph Lenk as Florimond De Bellefontaine convinced all present that he can grow wrathful, and that graceful persons are not the only ones who can wear tights. Lawrence Ernst as Louis XI, Stanislaus Manoski as Vincent Perivaux, and Thomas Harris Maurice Lavergne afforded the audience many interesting side-light upon the plot. Vincent Mallifske as Gaspar, an inn keeper, Norman Koller as Francois, a waiter, Joseph Wittkofski and Arthur Kuhlman as peasants turned the Tavern scene into one of the best features of the play. Leonard Storch as Stephen, the Abbot, put much power into the short role assigned to him. Herman Schnurr proved

a good soldier in spite of losing his armor. Thomas Heilman, James Pike, Urban Wurm, Sylvester Kleman, John Zink, Louis Zenz, Claire Zimmerle, and Joseph Zeigler as soldiers, would be the apples of any general's eyes. The same can be said of Howard Hoover, husky and dashing captain of the guard. Joseph O'Leary, fresh from Toledo, had no trouble in handling the role of Montoir, crook and tool of De Moripont. Thomas Siebeneck, Alfred Mayer, and Timothy Downey as courtiers; and Thomas Seifert and Henry Kenney as pages, added much toward making the court a brilliant one.

Thus in this the second major production of the C. L. S., nothing was left to be desired. Every participant appeared tuned to the situation with the result—a gratifying success for the presentation of "In the Fool's Bauble."

James Conroy '32

NEWMAN CLUB

True to the blue, the Newmans are anxiously awaiting the momentous occasion when they shall stand revealed, a dramatic club. Although the fate of the club is in the hands of a few selected members, the club, as a whole, is bubbling over with moral support. The deepening shadows on the eve of Dec. 22 will fall upon the Newmans behind the footlights for the first time, presenting Gladys Ruth Bridgham's "The Turn in the Road," a two act play. We regret that this issue of the Collegian goes to press before the presentation of the play, but we wish success to the Newmans.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

In the meeting held November 14th, the D. M. U. anticipated the celebration of Christmas rather early. A movement has already been set on foot

towards helping one or the other needy mission during this joyful season. The project has materialized. Big Christmas boxes are now stationed at various places of 'vantage for anyone who wishes to contribute. The D. M. U. hopes that it will again be able to bring joy and happiness into some poor missionary's heart on the morning of Christmas Day.

RALEIGH CLUB

The prominent man in the club today is the Ping-Pong player. With the arrival of a large Ping-Pong table and other regulation equipment, this fascinating game has taken firm hold on even the most austere and sedate members. Almost over night, it has become the secret ambition of nearly every member of the club to become a champion Ping-Pong player.

Those who had the privilege of witnessing the program held in the club room on Sunday evening, November 15, will long remember it as a delightful recreation in the midst of daily duties. On the program were many different features. James Conroy, the master of ceremonies, in opening the program gave to the members of the club a delightful bit of Irish blarney. The program consisted chiefly in selections by the Raleigh Club orchestra, by the Raleigh Club quartet, and by such celebrities as the Sing-Sing syncopators. These delightful programs will continue to be a feature of the meetings of the club, which are held every three weeks.

A true friend is distinguished in the crisis of hazard and necessity; when the gallantry of his aid may show the worth of his soul and the loyalty of his heart.

[—]Ennius.



THIRDS H. S. CHAMPS; DEFEAT FOURTHS, 6-0

Again the Thirds threw a wrench into the dope bucket's well mapped-out plans by defeating the Fourths 6-0 to win the championship of the High School department. Once more it was Ralph Steinhauser who in the second quarter scored the touchdown from the eleven-yard line on a freak end run, which was not exactly according to Hoyle. The Fourths came back fighting mad in the second half and nearly scored when Pankie Elder was run out of bounds on the two yard line for a first down. Four line jabs, however, yielded no touchdown and so the Thirds got the ball, and Red Lammers punted out of danger. the last few minutes of play Johnnie Sheehan, the Fourths' sub half, broke loose for a moment but Joe Moore, coming from behind, dropped him on the thirty five yard line.

SIXTHS TRIUMPH OVER FIFTHS 19-0 IN PENNANT BATTLE

Playing their last game of football for good old '32, the Sixths fought their way to a 19-0 victory over the Fifths and to their second consecutive football pennant. Although a title-deciding contest, the game lacked much of the excitement which usually accompanies a thrill of this kind. Already in the first quarter, Yicks Vichuras plunged over from the eleven yard line to score the first touchdown, after which he drop-kicked the extra point. In the second period Al Mayer, the Shelby-Ohio flash, skirt-

ed right end for twenty-five yards and another touch-down.

At the start of the second period the Fifths got the ball within the Sixths' thirty yard line, but lost it on downs. The Sixths' other score came in the fourth quarter when Nardecchia slipped across from the five yard line.

COLLEGE DRUBS HI-SCHOOL 20-0 IN ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DAY CLASSIC

In a battle long to be remembered by both players and spectators, the purple avalanche from Baker Hall, with a last quarter splurge, bore down on the Hi-School warriors with a vengeance and left them floundering under a 20-0 defeat. The first quarter was featured by brilliant line play and a thrilling punting duel between Nardecchia, College booter, and Red Lammers, Hi-School punting ace. Neither eleven was able to boost any telling gains. In the second quarter an exchange of punts, in which Red Lammers figured rather badly, gave the College the ball on the Hi-School's forty yard line. The College juggernaut seized this opportunity and marched to its first touchdown, with Gib Wirtz and Yicks Vichuras leading the assault. From the four yard line, Nardecchia, on a quarterback sneak, rounded left end to register.

In the third quarter, the Hi-School's offensive began to click around Pankie Elder and Ralph Steinhauser. Outplaying the College foemen in this period, the Hi-School made their strongest bid to score when they approached as far as the College's seventeen yard line, the only time they were within hailing distance of the College goal. But here they were stopped; from then on the College took command of the situation, and with a barrage of off-tackle smashes, battered away at the brave but weakening

Hi-School line. Al Mayer entered the game long enough to climax one of these drives by slipping off-tackle for twenty-one yards and the second College touchdown. Gib Wirtz rang up the extra point with a thrust at right guard. The College was not yet satisfied, and only a few minutes later slammed their way right back to the two yard line where they were momentarily held in check by the rather game Hi-School front. But a neatly executed forward pass, Nardecchia to Mike Vichuras, caught the Hi-School secondary flat-footed. Gib Wirtz then scored the final point of the game with a beautiful drop-kick.

The College stellar defense was chiefly the work of Captain Fritz Cardinali, Johnnie Byrne, and Tom Siebeneck. Pankie Elder was outstanding for the Hi-School on the offensive, while Joe Leuterman, Bill Conces, and Gomar De Cocker took the laurels on the defensive.

The score by periods:

College	0	6	0	14-20
Hi-School	0	0	0	0 0

Officials: Puetz (Rensselaer), Hoover, Kirchner, Ritter, and Horrigan.

ST. JOE'S ALL-STARS FOR 1931

Senior League	Position -	Junior League
Conroy	L. E.	Minick
Leiker	L. T.	Novak, A.
Riedlinger	L. G.	Meyer, R.
Cardinali	C.	Beeler
Lenk	R. G.	Elder, J.
Siebeneck	R. T.	Spraley
Byrne	R. E.	Heydinger
Nardecchia	Q.	Gannon
Vichuras, I.	R. H. B.	Woodard
Elder, F.	L. H. B.	Foos
Wirtz	F. B.	Peterworth
		•

HONORABLE MENTION for the Senior League: Mayer, Dwyer, Besanceney, Altieri, De Cocker, Rastetter, Scheidler, Lammers, McAtamney, Steinhauser, and Leuterman; for the Junior League: Heinsen, Henderlong, La Fontain, Kever, Quinn, Metzger, Leitner, Smith, G. Roth, Kostka, W. Hartlage, Kruetzer, Steininger, Petro, and Schnipke.

WHEN IN ROME, DO AS THE ROMANS DO, WHEN IN INDIANA, BE A HOOSIER—PLAY BASKETBALL.

Now that football has passed beyond the goal posts, and winter is making the indoors popular, all sport enthusiasts and sport writers are turning to basketball. Especially is this true in Indiana. This wonderful state of hills and prairies, the Wabash and rain, has always fostered basketball with maternal approbation. Every little hamlet has its team, and Collegeville, not to be outdone, has a lot of teams. But St. Joe's is Greece among the nations; while the rest of the Indiana schools fight each other, St. Joe's fights its battles at home.

The Sixth year usually stands on top, but there is always plenty of argument regarding its position. Statistics of last year's standing show that the present Sixths were twice beaten by the Fourths; that the Fourths bowed to the Thirds and the Fifths, while the Fifths defeated the Thirds and vice versa. Now who's the best?

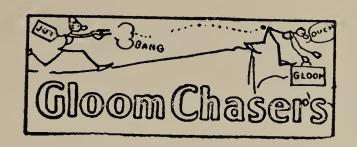
Naturally, losses and additions of players have changed the line-ups of the various teams considerably. The Sixths will probably profit by the graduation of Vichuras or Nardecchia from the Ac's, one of whom will most likely play opposite Manager Pete Koller at forward. The Fifths, long the hard luck team of the Senior league, expect to build up a strong

aggregation around Tom Danehy and Stan Manoski, two new finds. The absence of Jerry Cook, all-star forward of 1931, from the lineup of the Fourths may cause the latter team considerable worry as to the choice of a scoring forward to take his place. Manager Forsee, however, is confident and fears only the '35 jinx, the Thirds. If the Thirds display but their former class undiminished, they will cause plenty of trouble.

Basketball enthusiasm here at Collegeville will reach its peak in the duet or trio of College-Hi games. The results of last season and the season before have established the fact as a matter of faith among the Northsiders, that the College cannot win. But due to the number of "heretics" in the College, this tenet should be warmly contested.

On account of the importance of this indoor sport, St. Joe's has established three other leagues; the Academic, Junior, and Midget. The Ac's and Midgets have in the past put out some good basketball, but the Juniors seem hopeless, a fact which makes their games very delightful to those persons who possess a high sense of humor. When overcome by ennui, take in a Junior game. It's a sure cure.





Shank: Did you really hear me playing the piano the other day?

Mc Namara: Yes, I even had to close the study-hall window.

Captain Gzybowski: If anything moves, you shoot!

Private Binkley: Yes sir! And if anything shoots I move.

Schroeder: Say, Tom, that apple I ate had a worm in it and I ate that too.

Startled Seifert: What? Here drink this water and wash it down.

Schroeder: Aw, let him walk down.

Foos: Do you charge anything to climb the Alps?

Griesbaum: No, everybody goes up on a pass.

Prefect: But didn't you go home last week to attend your grandma's funeral?

Nardecchia: That's true, poor granny came near being buried alive that time.

Hoying: Well, Barney Kuhns has a job at last. He's working in the insomnia ward at Dr. Cheatem's Sanatorium.

Pallone: What in the world does he do? Hoying: Talks the patients to sleep.

Cashman: What are you plunging back in the water for? You just came ashore.

Danehy: Shure. Oi had to save meself first. Now Oi'm going back to save Mike.

Doctor: Sonny, I diagnose your case as appendicitis and I advise an immediate operation.

F. Ernst: Oh, that's what Balback had, isn't it? Well, do make it something else, can't you?

Dalton: The Biblical story must have been written by a baseball reporter.

Hoover: How do you figure that?

Dalton: It starts out "In the big-inning."

Sarcastic Hank: Only fools are positive.

Selhorst: Are you sure?

Rager: I'm positive.

Siebeneck: How is it you didn't keep your appointment with me yesterday?

Staudt: I got sick eating eggs.

Siebeneck: Too bad!

Staudt: No, only one was.

Mayer: Did you ever take chloroform?

Coleman: No, who teaches it?

Parr: What do you think of the Turkish atrocities?

Leiker: Don't ask me; I never smoke cigarettes.

Hession: I read that they have found Christopher Columbus' bones.

Henning: Gee, I never knew he was a gambling man.

Buzz: Say, do you know Tom Danehy?

Conroy: Yes, what's his name?

Buzz: Who?

Steiger: I just lost my job.

Gannon: What was the trouble?

Steiger: That's what I'm trying to find out. I

didn't do anything.

Gannon: Well, that's probably the trouble.

Lange: Why don't you answer the door?

Hoover: It didn't ask me anything.

Cvaniga: What is a vacuum?

Bresnan: Ah-er-er-I can't describe it, but I

have it in my head.

T. Downey: What animal nearest approaches man?

J. Downey: The flea.

SOMBER PHANTASY

(By "Pop" Storch)

A real jolly chap
Once entered a scrap
Of stuffing his head with Greek.
It wasn't so long
Till he sang the song
Of an Arabian shiek.
"Greek isn't so easy."
Said the old greasy
And the young man said the same.
"I couldn't ever read it."
The youth repeated
And few would think him to blame.

BELIEVE IT OR WHAT?

(By Alodeza Soap).

Matches have been so well perfected that they are beginning to be a menace to society.

It is rumored that the good old game of 'Hide and Seek' is coming back.

It is reported that Joe Lenk had a dual role in the Thanksgiving play. At any rate we know he had two costumes.

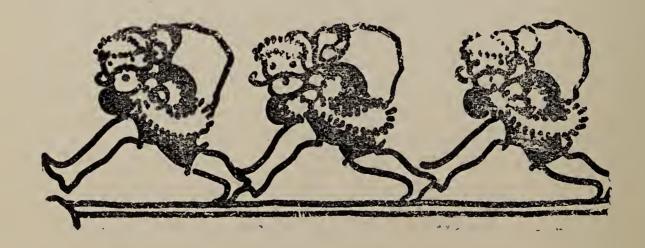
Someone said that our nightwatchman had been offered a wrist watch for his next birthday.

OSSIFIED OSCAR SEZ:

"If Thanksgiving falls on Thursday again next year, it will set a new record which will probably cause a day to be set aside in honor of the new record."

"Wishing you, one and all, many bottles of Christmas cheer and New Year happiness; be sure and patch those holy socks and may they all be chuck full of fun, gladness, and foot-powder."

Shiveringly your's Ossified Oscar.



Palace Theatre

Dec. 13-14-15—"THE SOB SISTER."

Dec. 18-19—"CITY STREETS."

Dec. 20-21-22—"SIDE SHOW."

Dec. 23-24—"THE GIRLS LOST."

Dec. 27-28-29—"DELICIOUS."

Dec. 30-31—"BLONDE CRAZY."

Jan. 3-4-5—"THE STAR WITNESS."

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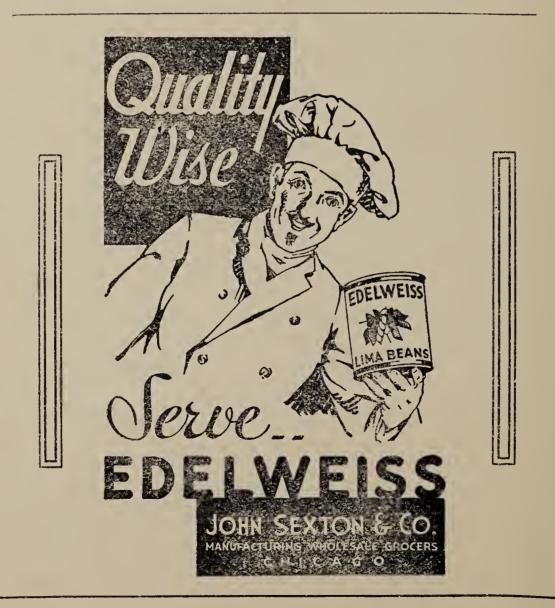
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